

immediately in front of the window, and lashed a man to each post. Still another company, led by two Americans, organized a body of 200 roughs, pugilists and thugs, into a lying wedge. This mass was lashed together, with the Americans forming the point of the wedge. At dawn of the appointed day several hundred Cornish miners of gigantic strength took their places before the window, with locked arms and legs, expecting to be able to hold their ground against all comers. It is impossible to abridge what follows, and I give it in the language of an eye-witness.

"From eight o'clock till nine the scene was beyond description. Pandemonium was loose. The miners of the Consolidated Gold-Fields Company charged in, shoving everybody out of their way, and gaining the front, plucked up the man posts there, with the men still lashed to them, and passed them back over the heads of those behind to the rear. A huge post with a man bound to it was dropped near where I stood, and apparently tramped under foot. By this time, too, many men with faces bleeding, or groaning with broken arms, were vainly struggling to get back out of the throng.

"The Cornishmen held their places about the office, linked together arm in arm, and locked leg to leg. No one seemed to be able to brake into their mass formation. They were like a Greek phalanx. The apex of the flying wedge encountered this solid human mass a few minutes before nine. The two Americans, Love and Brown, were at the apex, lashed together, and tied also to those who pushed them forward. Love held a bowie knife in his hand and, bent half double, with head and shoulders thrown forward, picked the legs of the Cornishmen to make them give way. In vain they tried to strike and kick him. There was no room for blows. The knife kept at work; and anything like the outcries I never heard. With two hundred men shoving the apex of the wedge forward, and the merciless point of that bowie-knife jabbing every one within reach, Love and Brown were forced thru the jam of men, and fairly flattened against the iron wall of the office, just as the the signal gun was fired."

It seems that Love had won the day. The difference, however, between the name and the nature in this instance is sufficiently striking for the ordinary apprehension. Did this spectacle occur in Gorilla world? or in some sphere inhabited by the semblance of men into whom the Divinity forgot to breathe souls? Was it a race destined to live forever, with gold! gold! gold! its breath of life, its worship, its god, its heaven, its immaculate bliss? Was it a repulsive nightmare of a world where insanity is normal, and the most frightful passions mark the highest development of mind and heart? Was it any other world, or any other race, than the one to which you and I belong, and where Christ died two thousand years ago to redeem it from the power of the devil? This is the thing I would hammer into the consciousness of every Christian, that these were *men, as we are men*, and supposed to be normal and sane, and in pursuit of a laudable object. It is as if I should lead you to the brink of a frightful abyss, and showing you the seething mass of howling humanity deep down in its horrible depths, I should ask you why, holding the principles you hold, and for which you covertly apologise, the day should not speedily dawn when you would

swell the perdition? What we are, better than this throng of gold hunters in the Transvaal, we are by the grace of God, but what a task that grace has in preserving us from that "league with death and covenant with hell," at which we connive in our secret hearts.

No wonder that President Kruger headed one of his public addresses by saying; "friends, burglars, thieves, murderers, newcomers and others." And it is this swarm of greedy grabbers who have goarded the English government into the wickedest war of all history against that quiet, goodly people, a people of whom it is said that they have only one book, their beloved Bible; and who were not tempted by the richest gold mines in the world to depart from a quiet and peaceful life, on their farms and in their peaceful homes; to whom love and contentment are of more value than all the treasures of Egypt. Oh, thou instrument of all misery, crime, bloodshed, and all manner of evil, gold! gold! In this money-loving age, when covetousness in its most insidious guise is eating out the heart of the church, it behooves every God's messenger to cry aloud and spare not. "Rebuke them sharply." Behold, how we have fallen from the old ideal; "but * * * covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints." These old, departed "saints," where is their generation?

Postscript. There are some people of very fair standing, in the church and out of it, whom we fear, feel like entering a polite protest against the peculiar association in which covetousness is placed by the Apostle, in the verse from which the last quotation was taken. That a fashionable and well-bred gentlemen should be incontinently thrust into such disreputable company is truly distressing.

Home Circle

Between-Times

Between the shine and the shadow
Is a line of sweet content;
Between the pain and pleasure
Comes a blessing God hath sent.

When the web of life seems woven
With each thread of darkest hue,
Watch the shadow of the violet,
Catch bright gleams from morning dew.

Clouded skies reflect more brightly
All the rainbow's wondrous glint
As it spans 'tween sunny noon-time
And the night fall's restful tint.

Faith in God will show the beauty
Born from loneliness and pain,
As those plants that bloom the fairest
In the earth have longest lain

Were it not for this between-times—
Rich oasis thru earth life—
Some weak soul might miss the pathway
Leading up to paradise.

Sacred mem'ries come with twilight,
Then we draw more near to God,
Thanking him for having led us
By the path his feet have trod.

Sweet the lesson learned between-times
Of our Elder Brother's care,
And the glory that awaits us
In his presence "over there"
—*Delia P. Branham, in Christian Standard.*

"Mother Knows"

MRS. PETER STRYKER

Selected.

I want to say a few words to the young people between fifteen and sixteen years of age. This period is the most important time of life. An old writer once said, that what young people are at the end of the twentieth year, they will probably remain for the rest of their lives. This is the formative period, and it is an interesting one, to the youth, as well as to parents and teachers. "Sweet sixteen" is not always sweet. It is a time when the boys and girls are crossing the line from childhood, to manhood or womanhood, and they realize their positions.

It has been said that at this age, they are very much like the hair on a girl's head; is too long to hang down, and too short to turn up. So when the realization comes that play time has passed, the young person cannot mingle in play with the children, nor take a place with the elders. It is a transition. We may consider that they are crossing a bridge, which may be weak, or it may be strong. If under the direction of judicious parents, teachers or guardians, they may be carried safely across it, if not, woe betide them.

Young people, step carefully! Danger is near! I would not cast a cloud over your future, but I lift a warning finger. You have often seen a red light and the word "Danger." Look at it now. I have traveled many years along this road, and know something about it. If you should go into a large city like New York or Chicago or London, and had never been there before, would you feel offended if some one should offer to show you the way? I think not. You would regard it as a kindness and thankfully accept the information. If not, you would soon be lost. No one would feel interested in you, or if interested, they would ask where you came from, who your parents were, and would wonder how you became lost if your parents had properly directed you. Suppose you told them that you had thrown these directions away, would it be any wonder if they called you "fool?" And don't you think that you deserve this title if you refuse to listen to people who have spent many years on the earth, and have passed over the bridge. Let us suppose that you are disposed to take warning, and are now listening to advice.

I remember a man who was always called "Mother Knows," because he would raise his finger and say to the young people who said "Mother says so and so. Ah, Mother knows."

Yes, mother knows. When she asks you to do something, and you say "wait a minute." She looks forward, sees you trying to succeed in business; but "wait a minute" is